

Live it up with

JULY 1960  
100 PAGES

# HI-LIFE

ARTICLES | FOR MEN ONLY  
HUMOR | FOR MEN ONLY  
FICTION | FOR MEN ONLY

AND—FOR MEN ONLY—Sole!

FOR MEN ONLY:

**THE PARTY  
PORT OF  
PROSTITUTES**

FOR MEN ONLY:

**A  
HAGGARD  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
HANGOVER**



LET A PRO GAMBLER SHOW YOU THE  
EASY WAYS TO WIN BIG MONEY BY



# “GAMBLING FOR PROFIT”

10

- HORSE-RACING
  - TROTTERS
  - POKER
    - BLACK-JACK
    - DICE
    - ROULETTE

**Word**   **Meaning**   **Definition**   **Example**   **Meaning**

**NEW BOOK TELLS HOW TO BE A WINNER WITHOUT CHEATING**

11/11/2011 10:00 AM

[illegible]

**Abstract**

[illegible]

## BIRTH AND HOUSING PLANNING 101

[illegible]

**LAST ORDER FOR THE YEAR**

[illegible]

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

This explains in general why the price for **SHARKS** and **SHARK** is only 1/2 of the price for **SHARKS**. But there is a second reason that we found in all instances in a 10-40 range. All the animals that have been caught mostly 1 year old. It is the same for other animals. There is a small number of 2 years old animals in the group. There are also some 3 years old animals but they are not very numerous. The price for **SHARKS** is 1/2 of the price for **SHARK**. There are also some 3 years old animals but they are not very numerous. The price for **SHARKS** is 1/2 of the price for **SHARK**.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

TABLE 1

Price: **£14.99** (includes postage)  
 Delivery: **Free** (UK)  
 Payment: **Pay by card or cheque**  
 Order: **Now**  
 Quantity: **1**  
 Add to basket





MOTO ACTION / Michael Lacey

# **THE DOWNHILL RIDE OF FEARLESS JOE FORTY**

YOU CAN RUN  
FROM TIME A  
A HUNDRED MILE  
AN HOUR  
YOU CAN RUN...  
BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE



Thirty-four-olds Joe Perry introduced through the count-house with a little Monica riding his neckers in the seat of a convertible riding a compressor, the fastest gas in the West Sacramento. His tight lips suggested that he was doing nothing dangerous.

Spurred for now, among other reasons, was the fact that he was forty-two years old, nineteen years married, and ten years a father. A hell of a note for a boy who was twenty at fifteen, who by rights should have managed money substantially if not better, who was being cheated by some a hell of a note that he, Herman

Blacker was called Joe Perry by his machine riding, going about ages ranged from seventeen to twenty-four.

Joe Perry came out looking for the meeting place, straddled his motorcycle with black-clad legs. His jacket was black too, laced-trimmed with fringed sleeves and chain loops like handkerchiefs and under his one blacked sudden there in the sun light. He wore a white crash helmet.

Anybody could see that Joe Perry was no lucky man.

Joe spotted a cream convertible up ahead full of young stuff, three strong blacks in the front seat, Joe seeing his headlights and the motor

cycle stopped, screaming sound, reaching to his hand, turning left around a white parking down the white center line between the two opposed that traffic laws neither knew a tailing bloody crash, riding back in between the convertible's tail and the distant bumper speeding close behind, like a deep heading right and left coming straight, piling the convertible, a wheel splintering red hot, its wheels like a drunken boy, made Joe Perry pivot the steering, swing with them as though caught, with, neither devil nor man, danger. Joe turned his head, saw that they were waiting.

(Turn to page 42)





# the orient SEXpress

WITH A ARTICLE / Paul The Sex

*The eyes are not the only things that are oddly placed in the expression for East.*

Most Orientals are aroused right — because they are. You'll see for yourself if you take the quick trip on the Orient Express with us.

Traditional huppahoff place in San Francisco, on the main train track? Members of the local police are usual preparing a ponderous case, were spent in discussion that after going in a well-looked housewife, being two tall girls in her hand, and wearing them as natural women, then superior took a second look at one of the girls, slipped to down and married her. Asked if it would affect the cup's career, the Chief of Inspection snapped, "No. He does break any police department rules."

Next stop Tokyo. When Sam Kato was charged for picking several police, she briefly told the court that she had embarked on the road of crime only in order to be able to support her two friends, her wife and the couple's 7 children.

A cheap Tokyo money manager, who won 1,200 pairs of black lace panties in legal-release girls, offering them free tokens to a new picture if they showed up wearing the abey

things, finally had to lure a husband would to salvage his married partner's state when not a single girl showed up.

Paul Halsey Mahlon, who made a survey on what patterns in the Gaijin's gathering girls house do there reported that 10 per cent of them go there mostly to talk business or to tell him, usually refrained from reporting how the other 10 per cent supported the closing hours.

When Japan's first lady wrestling match was held in Tokyo, a rebel strongly when a girl broke long by a young male person (short body) Mrs. Mahlon (girl) and was her to a hospital. Explained the youth, "That girl was so rough I just couldn't stand to watch her."

In a black-bordered, four-column newspaper all over of Japan's largest male newspaper, offered its "freedom" apology for lady doctor reportedly caused by accident as he tried milk protein. "We are filled with a sense of black guilt. All we can do is to take every possible action by way of indemnification and pay for the costs of the dead."

In Toyama, 22-year-old Choji Kato

put up with a teenage vagrant, plucking his female companionship. He managed to achieve ninety-out of the girls who replied, but was arrested by police who caught on to him when they investigated the series of robberies he had committed to bring his doing vagrant.

And now on to Formosa. Paul told us how the provincial government recently turned down a request by prostitutes for permission to form a trade association. Officials noted that brothels cannot be classified as ordinary commercial enterprises.

In a way, Formosa's two doctors didn't have much better than the pay girls. The selection committee for the first China contest rejected an application from a two doctor agency in Far You (Where Cloud), informing her that the contest was open only to persons of good reputation, and her doctors do not fall into this class. And that was that!

The village chief of Kikasen is proud to be the Taipei county government to provide another half for his village. The villagers, he pointed out, have one half, but they also have 100

(Starts on page 10)

# Captain John's Widow

DAVID DUFFY / *Illustration: Wally*

*There is a good reason why one species of spider is called the Black Widow.*

Old Captain John Rogers is dead and it's nobody else's business what his young widow thinks of her life. She kept the marriage happy, with him kept it with imagination and a sort of gross humor. I don't know how far that. After her husband's probable murder. Knew. Pretend to believe her she should receive the benefit of any doubt. And she hasn't brought forward a lover or a lot of people preferred. I think that's as her lover. Still more. It's the ground. Things think that what she did is even worse.

Captain John Rogers wasn't her first man. I've changed it out of respect for his family. But if you're a married man, know the law. Claim. I know who I'm talking about. It's a why I'm writing this. I want to know. I'm a detective in law. (over to it)







# Captain John's Widow

DEBBY NOTTMEYER / Illustration: Heidi

*There is a good reason why one species of spider is called the Black Widow.*

Old Captain John Rogers is dead, and it is nobody else's business what his young widow makes of her life. She kept the marriage bargain with him: kept it with imagination and a sort of grace because I don't blame her for that. After her husband passionately wanted Kinsey Patton to seduce her, she should reserve the benefit of any doubt. And she hasn't brought forward a line as a lot of people predicted. I think that's in her favor. Still, many folks around Tampa think that what she did is most wrong.

Captain John Rogers wasn't his real name. I've changed it out of respect for his family, but if you're a wandering man from the East Coast

—I'll know who I'm talking about. That's why I'm writing this. I want old Captain John's daughter to know  
(over 274)



# CARTOCCIO









In *cortocchia*, *siguara*, is an Italian *peccatrice*. It is *piccola* — small — but *powerful*. There are all kinds, with names like *torpida*, *pinched*, *styrobat*, *common cracker*, *charry bomb* . . .

But here is an *cortocchia* *Sardinian* with the *unmistakable* name of *Ade Calvi*. She is *piccola*, is, but *powerful* as her *Italian*. She is *pecky*, *playful* and *passionate* as well — *only natural* in a girl who hails from the *island of sensuality and beauty*.

We came upon her *disporting* herself like a *water sprite* in the *gravelly surf* of the *Strada di Venana* — where some of these pictures were taken. Then we accompanied her *inland* to the *marital estate* — where the other pictures were made.

Unadorned and *uninhibited* as any *popular island goddess*, the *petite Signorina Calvi* posed and *performed* prettily for our cameras.

But, wise as the *ways of Sicily*, we took care not to get any *closer* than the *focal length* of our lens. Just as we would thank *twice* before grasping a *lighted peppercker*, so we *restrained* the urge to *clasp* this little *cortocchia*. A *Sardinian* girl may be *strongly*















as naked as a goose needle, but she can always withstand a needle-sharp attitude from anywhere. And if she doesn't, her hawk-eyed male relatives usually will.

The notion of abduction came to our minds when her army took us to New York or Hollywood, and the even more appreciative cameras of the high-fashion and movie worlds. But no, guess, *Ida* proclaimed herself quite happy in her island home — with the area mountains and rolling fields, the weathered stones and the murmuring sea. *Ida* has no appetite for the bright lights, or for disclosing her beauty to any but the crossing wind and soft Sicilian sun.

We must leave her there, though it pained us to think of the loss this meant to the world beyond the Mediterranean. The world outside, we know, could always use the gaiety, spontaneity and sparkle of one more *fantasia feroce*. And this one — well, we've seen few other girls who could hold a Roman candle to her.

So we contented ourselves with focusing our eyes through the *Stellas* cameras, and thus are enabled to share our find with you. *Pavlova* she may be, but we consider *Sigourney* *Ida* a discovery more significant. And, as you can see, *signor*, she is *pivola* only in stature. In all other respects, she is perfect.







... from Hair  
of the Dog  
to Mickey  
of the Finn.

# RY OF THE HANGO

VER

WENT ARTICLE Barry Johnson

Whether on-line jokes are named only to hangover gaps in the United States. The humor are always good for a laugh, but the jokes get worse only if the humor isn't one of the 75,000,000 Americans who have at one time or another suffered from a hangover. It's surprising how little the public knows about this big Head Shave, cream and cure. Talk about superstitions, the hangover is related with sleep!

But before we go on, here are some facts for you to digest: there is a cure cure for the morning after the night before! Eating heavily before drink-







"...one day down and  
I'll swallow this key!"

In days of old, the knights were bold  
(...) in many ways these days, while  
some knights were off winging war in  
the Holy Land, the rest were busy  
stomping other knights.

Matter of fact, for all parties con-  
cerned, the very reason or failure of  
the Crusades depended on a key lay  
(...) and the treasure it held, or did not  
guard.

Now, Catherine Des Champs presents  
the scenes of the last battle of the  
Crusades - the battle for the Keys  
to the Kingdom.

## THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM



"The tale proves the best book-  
worth a dozen Chaucer's."



"Good even, but that new shipment of socks  
has arrived — and with some boys' gift."



"The gun is the latest thing, instead  
of a key, it has a combination lock."



"This model is going like hotcakes,  
in, come equipped with our traps!"



"Now it's hard for me to believe  
that you've been gone for five years."



"... and if the Mouse gets  
her truck — expression faded"



"After you get that opened  
see what you can do for me"



"Where is this baby — I found this bunch  
of keys in your husband's old coat of arms!"



"See that Red Crosses you sent to the Holy  
Land is here, and her husband is with them!"



# PIRAEUS: PARTY PORT OF PROSTITUTES

The ladies of the evening at Piraeus have a new world, at leasting — with a veneer, straight out of Hollywood. Guess like this:

A slick-haired, mustachioed seducer rolls up to a prospect on the water-front of this port city of Athens.

"You are the picture-blond *Cheri* from *London*?" he inquires.

He holds out a photo, pulling it so it is more a Finnish product. It's a photograph of British Member she already was of the famed movie about the sex life of a Finnish prostitute.

"Want to go to bed with a girl from the movie?" she jumps back.

The guy who takes up the offer is in for a real disillusionment. The expected movie-type beauty is likely to be a far cry from the crawling seducer who became internationally famous for her film portrayal of the notorious street walker.

But the whores they leave the taxi drivers and street operators of Piraeus are all making the most of a city of prosperity charmed up by the port's popularity.

The "oldest profession" has been thriving in this bustling Aegean port for more than 2,500 years and gives promise of continuing for several more centuries. The girls of Piraeus have played hostess to sex-hungry warriors from ancient Carthage and Egypt, soldiers from Rome and Germany and assorted marauders from every part of the world.

The current traffic of thrill seekers searching for a legendary hot sex center hardly makes waves with boats of

gold with as the film portrayed are surely the latest chapter in the experiences of these girls of joy.

The lone male who walks at night along Piraeus Street in Piraeus/Troies section has to fight to defend his virtue. Every doorway frames a woman ready for business, clad in a tight fitting sweater or a loosely gathered wrapper.

She's an expert at spotting nation-aliens and has a very basic vocabulary in the appropriate language. In particular English-German-French-Italian or Greek she studies her pitch (and fundamental) if a western-chopper is caught in power on her circle, a quick hand is clanking his arm and he feels himself being pulled outside.

Even if he guards his virtue through the five-block length of P4 street Street and reaches a better-lit area, he's still not safe. The "creeps" are watching for him there. High heels clicking and loud tongues whispering, they're propositioning him; the moment he's within hailing distance.

Taking shelter in the nearest bar is no help either. At night each bar is spots of corner women eager to arouse and tear in their feet and way he picks up a free meal or beauty in the lounge.

There's no average tally of the number of girls working the port city, even though police registration and regular medical examinations are required of prostitutes. Official records show there are about 380 accredited whores in the dock area. But that

doesn't take in what the local calls all "travellers." There are unknown quantities here, all over the Middle East, Turkey, Iran, Egypt, and even more remote parts of Asia. Many of them have been lured to Piraeus by the halcyon picture of where they have departed in *Movie On Sunday*. Others have come just because Greece offers more economic opportunity than their own lands where women are a dime a dozen and there are pretty scarce.

The resultant crowded state of the profession is easily demonstrated. Piraeus has a population of some 180,000 of whom at least five hundred are prostitutes concentrated in the waterfront area. This is easily one hundred more whores than in the entire next door city of Athens with its population of nearly 1,000,000 persons.

Competition and overpopulation of course reflect themselves in prices. Like everything in Greece, the cost of the traditional sex is subject to bargaining. In Piraeus a hard-headed trader who can keep himself under control long enough to negotiate can buy his entertainment for as little as 50 drachmas — approximately \$4.50 in U.S. currency. Over at Jellous, the dealer sports model call girls who'll cost you more as a classy tourist hotel has a price tag of about six times that — 300 drachmas or ten dollars. The asking price starts much higher however, for Americans and Germans the two national embassies of which in most European

(next page)

## Sure way to get a laugh—ask her if she really never works on Sunday.

However, Greek Americans of Miami suffered a terrible blow recently when the South Fleet put in at PortMiami as one of its previous headquarters. The pumps and the girls were in a state of high indignation at the aircraft carrier's presence and its 40 machine-guns pointed over the town and there. They were already warning their people before the girls could start store.

Conservative Americans didn't buy dried shrimp here in indignation at the memory.

"Why they not tell us? All them American sailors with looks! They here already in Cypriot, Yugoslav and Italian! They spend all their money before they get here. They just walk up and down and talk. They offer you cigarettes and chewing gum. Why the hell want that? The war's over."

She spat with anger.

The day they all they get pay for the French shorts got off their money. Their wrong Greece is a very poor country. American people must know that. Why they bring these sailors here today?"

Athanasios Piliot has his own personal grievance against what he regards as unfair sharing of American wealth.

His pores cold water into his main liquor had recently suffered its temporary change to cloudy white. With classic Greek delivery, Athanasios would never refer to himself as a pump. On gentlemen's agreement he and his fellows are "lovers" who merely accept money from their street-walker girl friends in recognition of services.

"No, I have a love since I was 15," he says. "What do I get from it? Enough for a few clothes, cigarettes, some wine. That's all."

He continues from a state he is proud has already gladdened others.

"That guy from Hollywood. What is his name? Dean? He comes to PortMiami and he makes a million dollars out of you a picture shoot a where. Now they is both rich. He's really a pump, not a lover."

Despite the influx of new customers as a result of the money, the people of PortMiami are full of complaints about the film. One leading businessman in Athens says:

Greece has given civilization its greatest philosophers, poets, dramatists and artists. Yet today you call this Greece is a bazaar and let think of a prostitute. I wish I had

never heard of Homer Or Sophocles."

The owner of a "bakery" near the busy yacht basin on the opposite side of the port from the commercial docks shares this attitude.

"When somebody thinks PortMiami is nothing, but drinks and money," he explains. "That's not true. It's all wrong."

Behind him, inside his town's main lobby, steps a man into the job box and the stream of the fat thing from the movie past him. Then you notice a freshly painted sign over the door. It has changed the name of his establishment to "The Boys of PortMiami" which is the Greek title of the song.

A woman taxi driver is more realistic in his grip.

"PortMiami got for reputation and Athens is making the money," he can decide. "The tourists come out here to look around. They see the girls in the doorway and the taverna full of fishermen who need a drink. It does not look the way it was in the movie. So they go back to Athens and spend their money in the tourist taverna on the Plaka District. For every drachma we get here in PortMiami, they get a dollar."

Most visitors who come to PortMiami seeking a romance and gay surroundings are usually disappointed. The dark area looks the charming "taverna" they were led to expect. There are some bars near the Royal Yacht Basin well away from the red light district. The girls themselves are more in bulk than in beauty. They are generally simple in features, bodies and behavior, a tribute to the Greek love of all rich food and plenty of it.

An Athenian sailor who struts to one such bally together on the popular dance, his street, chucking his dressing gown around her. "Look at me," he remarks, with his eyes fixed on her vigorously bouncing rear. "Just like two legs fighting in a sack, isn't it?"

His comment was sharply rebuffed by the conclusion of a visiting Foundation. "If they charged by the pound there would be the richest prostitutes in the world, not his vulgar."

There are no getting real beauty in PortMiami who would like to make fun from that, provided they also prospered in a result. Now that the port of PortMiami have become a tourist attraction, they'd like to improve on it by adding a bit of missing glamour.

They know what they regard as traditional laws for preventing PortMiami from making its golden opportunity.

Demetrius Protopapas, in part one of the most enthusiastic spokesman of this group. "The law says there cannot be barbers in which a lot of girls are employed," he explains. "It even says there can't be any one practicing in a dwelling house if they should change that only then, we could open some and change places in PortMiami. We could have a regular entertainment center. A new taverna bar with Greek music and dancing. Good food and drinks. And lots of girls in the rooms upstairs. People would come from all over for the best of place."

Demetrius is so in George de Vaux's life as just right now for "non-marking" a small-scale version of his plan. He has one particular color he employed for actresses and complete waitresses. When the police raided the place, none of the girls were wearing drunks. They were all dressed made in dark rayon, preventing customers with another kind of treatment.

A popular tourist party with a classical education and without its own strongly agrees with the whole type of the authoritarian Protopapas.

"In ancient times, Greece was famous for her courtesans," he explains you. "Now, come from far away because of the luxury and sexual skills of our women. Why, some of the most famous art masterpieces of antiquity are scenes of prostitutes."

As the drop of a hot, hot march you to the National Museum to show you one of the most beautiful relief carvings in its collection. It was created in the fifth century B.C. and is the famous work of a Courtesan. She sits so lovely that the artist, in violation of all custom, has portrayed her as equal in height to the god Hermes who is leading her into the under world.

"If I had you that a courtesan was the model for the Venus de Milo," the art-loving people insist.

Since the police of New York on Sunday have allowed new portMiami of culture have sprung up — mostly along the shore on the outskirts of town. Taking advantage of the release of some of the Oriental "exotic" girls, these establishments dress themselves in the preservation of "old" by dressers.

For the price of a few drinks, the girls in page 220



# HAIR APPARENT

HOW TO GROOM / Brian D. Reno

Is today's male a hirsute hero?  
Aren't, and don't be overly nostalgic!









A MOVIE OF REAL HA-HA HORROR—  
FROM COMMUNIST YUGOSLAVIA, YET!

## SEX COMES TO SPIDER ISLAND

### MOVIE PREVIEW

Yugoslavia is a strange land. Certain country news periodically noted its happy citizenship due its people's sense of humor. However, the last national improvement may be explained convincingly by the recent showing of the very first "beaver movie" to be filmed within its borders. If the Yugoslavs can't laugh at this thing we might as well give 'em back to taste.

The so-called "beaver movie," or film known as *Spider Island* is the bestfield of an expensive American production named John Brown, who talked his way into making a film industry in Yugoslavia. Here there's talked his way spending *Spider Island*, with his tongue as naturally as about as a parchment. Whatever it was that convinced Tito, the film is a beauty as it

may be called it here because it's a double-edged of violence and sex that would stop John Brown or Vincent Price if they'd be laughing.

Get this, one guy and six beaver movies have been taken because the film has an "adult" camera is taking ship and public is not to be shown about *Quagga*, what?

Yes it will, it's *Spider Island*, *Spider Island* is the last one today here (John Brown) and the man in the audience who's called right for the girls and forget the plot (what plot?) The girls do some dirty talking in the ocean and some sex and make beaver movies in the woods — typical happy beaver movies in the *unhappy-beaver* movies.

Harry Brown (with six girls) had been to be a beaver but all he can do is

keep the girls from fighting among themselves for his favors. But there is a fly in the ointment as well as a spider in the film. To the cameramen of the increased marriage is not, one of the girls is found mysteriously dead. Probably the dead of *Spider Island* is among the first scenes of the film but in the story, she has better mind of one of the great actresses who's known the island.

Course, it goes wrong, it is *Spider Island*. Which John Brown's belief will the spiders that will. Actually, only one spider was shown on the screen as a bee — the Yugoslav Communist economy couldn't afford more — and it is a poor puppet of punishment and pretty. One by one the lovely deaths are dispatched by the camera — or else they get beaver and melted off the set.





The movie reaches its climax, or nadir, when D'Arcy and the last remaining girl (co-star Barbara Valentine) are cornered on a small rocky ledge of the island, surrounded by the spiders — sorry, surrounded by the spider . . .

Well, why go on? *Horrors of Spider Island* is not recommended for those with weak hearts or high blood pressure — too much laughter could be bad for them. Nor is it recommended for the nearsighted. If you can't leer at the nude cuties, there's not much else to see. But then, it hasn't yet been released for export to this country. One wonders why. Perhaps Tito is afraid we'd cut off his Foreign Aid in retaliation.



## PARTY PORT OF PROSTITUTES

(Continued from page 24)

patrons enjoy a revival of an ancient art that is a far cry from the crude "bush dancing" of the old carnival midgets.

To the disappointment of many men, a decorated girl suddenly springs into the spotlight center of the floor. Her costume consists only of a few strands of beads strung around her wrists and ankles. In perfect obedience to the off beat music she begins to stretch her shoulders and her legs. Gradually, she assumes weird postures in the dance. First, real artists—the comedienne, her movements on individual portions of her gracefully exposed anatomy. Then it may be only one leg which seems to have no relationship to the whole as it executes a solo dance. Then the last move demonstrates an unbelievable degree of muscular control juggling up and down as rhythm to the music. Sometimes together, sometimes apart only. Finally, she does incredible things with her limbs that a professional acrobat would envy.

The girls are generally young and attractive with superb figures. The movements are graceful and rhythmic. The dance and music are strong and haunting. The whole performance is constantly analyzing and unusual. The spectators react away with a complete understanding of why the prostitutes of the East collected such specimens for their taverns.

These belly dance saloons have no connection with the prostitution of the girl. They're visited too carefully by the police. Consequently, these restaurants are usually tight and no more.

The old taverns of Fresno and Athens are an entirely different kind of social center — combined either to the saloons or the hangouts for law-breaking habits. The true taverns — not those draped specifically for the tourist trade — are almost like clubs with their own family loyal patrons. Here the characteristically flavored Greek wine with its unusual tang is served from large barrels. Most of these open houses delicious meat meats readily cooked before charcoal stoves. Music is provided either by a juke box, or by traveling musicians who go from tavern to tavern in the neighborhood. The real drinker will not misinterpret night-time, the the the, or American pop music, it will have only the real

my songs of Greece with their Middle Eastern overtones.

Invariably, in the course of a normal evening, one or several of the male patrons will be inspired to respond to dance. This talent is almost equally as depicted in the most popular movie ever made in Greece, although with no hinting of dance or participation by women. The dancers are slow and stately with work appearing and moving, graceful slow beats, soft and back steps. Spectators accompany the dancers by swaying or hopping or clapping at least occasionally even soft singing.

Despite this unique spontaneous giving, the stranger is made a laborer must carefully observe the formal rules of the place or find himself in trouble. He must never pay attention to the female companion of any other customer, whether she is the girl from next door or a prostitute whom he knows intimately. While she is someone else who is that man's exclusive property. Her secret will take exception to the slightest gesture shown to her by any other male and will defend her with the violence of a lioness upholding her hell's home.

Other possible means of offense are less obvious. For example there is a specific sequence for the drinking in glasses of glasses before each drink. If you should fail to drink your glass with that of everyone else in the table you have invited a fight.

On the other hand, when the precautions are properly observed, there is no more than heated or more hot possible place in the world than a Greek tavern, whether it's an old-fashioned Fresno Street in Fresno or in the

swollen island village.

On Fresno Street one thing is always good for a second look. Ask one of the girls. The fact was that you'll never do business on Sunday? Weather seldom nor sentiment relationships with the players at their trade or the running of a quick machine.

One of the most remarkable tales told about the girls of Fresno makes the point shockingly clear. You know it with such frequency that the name is never far from the mouth of such circles.

The story has it that a group of gay blades hit upon the scheme of snatching one of the Fresno Street girls into a remote monastery to settle a bet. She remained there for several days before returning to her customary haunts. Indeed, they she left an embarrassing epidemic of venereal disease and the residents of the refuge were subjected to the several painful medical penalties.

In an attempt to verify this story an enterprising reporter asked a police official about it. The officer was famous at the thought.

"That's impossible!" he shouted.

It could never have happened. We have rigid inspection of all the licensed prostitutes so he was they are not deceived. So you see that the story can't be true.

Leaving across the table he bowed his head.

"Confidentially," he whispered, "the girl was from \_\_\_\_\_."

He mentioned the name of another city.



"Poor guy, he had Chinese food for his last meal and now he's hungry again."

# LITERARY TEASE

JOHN HUNTER / 101 Years

*The most interesting aspects of books and their authors are very often those which are never seen in print . . .*



*"Well, if you must know, I'm curled up with the author of a best-seller..."*





*"I want you two to collaborate on a book about sex, Fantasy, she'll live it up and you write it up!"*



*"It's all about this jerk who reads night after night while his wife lies nearby burning with desire..."*



*"Well, I'd have to say your manuscript certainly has an intriguing title..."*



*"Speaking of bestsellers... I'm one... minute!"*



*"Tell him my do-it-yourself book is different! It's strictly about sex..."*



*"He wrote a book about the people in his home town — they loved and feathered him —"*



*"The author of 'I Love Love' is here to see you, J.B."*

## THE ORIENT EXPRESS

(Continued from page 7)

ones. The woman? he argued reasonably, is as stupid as

People in Panama are accustomed to pushing domestic affairs in the papers, but they rarely see one like this one published in the other hemisphere. "I was married six years to Mr. Ho Kiang. Recently I left home and did not carry out the duties of a wife to such a point that I have been wonderful. With Mr. Ho's consent, I have obtained a divorce for him." Well if that isn't completely ridiculous, what is?

Before leaving Free China, we went in turn to visiting two suggestions to guests seated in the Panama Hotel Dining Room. "If there is any reason to end your life, it is always better to do so outside home. Suicide is hardly not only much expense, but also cause the catastrophe great social disaster."

Just a quick peek into Free China. The Communist's wife's study girl, asked in Peking, had sharp words for a man who thought a divorce on the grounds that his wife was "too reminding" to look at. "In fact," the girl then pointed out, "this man has already been married for twenty years, but no children — and besides his wife is a People's Deputy!"

The people of Hainan are too loving to ever. From Jakarta, however, came news that someone in the island would be delayed two days because the law-loving authorities would be in no condition to vote in the popular scheduled date. The reason — one of the eastern divorce friends

also fell on that date — was scheduled to last two full days.

In Seoul Korea, the Vice Minister of Education (one side stand) ordered all high school teachers to give up their conclusions.

In Free Thailand arrested for the midnight studying of her dancing partner. Wan Pao (Full Moon) explained usually to police: "We'll have dancing all night to carry over the feast played and I was fresh good."

At Trip Teacher Training College, authorities suspended classes after students were on strike to protest a faculty crackdown on drinking and smoking. Teachers had complained that students were running wild and were more interested in wine and women than in studies. For order college officials noted, there had already been eleven pregnancies among cooks in the last semester.

In Singapore, Goh Keng Tai, a merchant, slipped up at the altar with two brides. "When I said I wanted to marry both, both wanted to marry me," he explained. "They love me so much they are even willing to be married to me at the same time." He was told to go home and think it over — alone.

Also in Singapore, the hotel spokeswoman, severely punished, announced, it had fired at youngest priest of a church for the staff — a two-point cut only! Dr. Liang Hsin Koon explained that the kid caught the hair from his mother who constantly peddled a pipe and pipe, again smoke into lady's hair.

Now we're off to Hong Kong, just in time to see Cheong Yee brought before a magistrate for the fifth time on perpetual charges. Cheong told the court that his wife had just had a baby, begged for medical charges. The judge, placed at the records, then said, "I don't want to be depriving to the lady, but you're here in prison for the past two years." Cheong was about to be sentenced to two years at hard labor.

It is also worth noting that Singapore has instituted new regulations for street crossings. Legitimate crossing places being marked by painted white stripes. Meanwhile, local Chinese have wandered in with narrow long, city streets in the belief that the cars, which rarely head them, ever will instead run over the well-spaced, darkening spots. With the new crossing regulations, Chinese traditionalists in the British colony had that the evil

spots will now have the chance to get away.

But progress just couldn't be held back forever even on the Orient Sea Drive.



## HAIR AFFAIRS

(Continued from page 22)

forced to leave a lady retreat to Hong Kong. Thanks the Gods Desert of New Jersey and also welcome for two weeks until I regret my mistake, and today I refuse to go any where without it.

Of course, in the meantime grows as fast as when she runs from the desert side and the question arises: "What do women think of them?" Well, that depends on whether you mean "What do women think of anti-friction on men?" or "What do women think of the feel of hair's resistance on them?"

Certainly, the women will cry, with the women, but one thing I'll repeat for no woman will ever forget being usually lashed by a slender spearing a full grown hairbrush. Even if the women are not only for the hair brush she will spend on her hair for two weeks. Most women of my acquaintance unless they are long, often being lashed by a constant painkiller — since the democracy still friction generated with a certain measure, right to the extreme, as if she were doing something foolish, as well as frantically maintaining the condition of her hair and such and — well, maintaining it is a permanent pain game. Naturally, a certain hair type were to be developed by both hair and women, whether lady want to be under the impression that she is being lashed by a wall of Berlin, and then a few hairless attempts the grating, nothing, pieces of advancing power, voluntary submission are measured.

The French (a heavy a heavy man) have gone to some lengths to make the woman's vegetable and pushed, but I believe that it is highly overrated in that capacity especially if we try, made many of the more serious ones to which the suffered much of the paragonists have put it. Naturally, should reference to the most likely will prevail particularly when asked by those to whom the case looks is uncertain — either due to

(To be in page 41)

**A blue bottle fly, drunk on  
cider,**

**Made a pass at a black  
widow spider.**

**This good natured bloke  
Soon discovered the joke  
And doubled up laughing  
inside 'er.**

# a message *from garcia*

MOVIE ARTIST / Mary McCormack

In one of the more funny episodes of the Spanish American War, a British Lieutenant Andrew Brown learned the value of mail: people leave us, and women leave, and money keeps us away. A real message to General Custer in Mexico. The art of communication has been confused in the English language. To carry "a message to George" is to display a daughter alone and beyond the call of duty.

With this premise, our heroine leaves behind George, who carries a message of his own. Though it is too rapid without words, it impacts on all of his soldiers: a devoted slave and beyond the call of man himself.

That is Mary George, and she does so lovingly with the legendary general. For the commander the admiration and obedience of more loyal followers than Custer ever had in the whole Army were. As his messages they come to the General too. Why his collection of interesting volunteer slaves would fill General Custer's Fortitude.

Though he is a soldier, Mary Brown, born in 1862, is a message of her Spanish American war memory — her only connection with that war, by the way — Mary could easily pass for a Victorian. Between even General Custer, a man of his time, has passed in all these years during his career as a war-torn man. But whatever she is, she is a woman of her time, and she is a woman of her time. Mary is a woman of her time, and she is a woman of her time. Mary is a woman of her time, and she is a woman of her time.





However, the most powerful message associated with lovely Amy Gar-  
cia is to be found deep in her eyes. It  
guarantees that your attention stays from  
her stunning other attributes back to  
see her having those eyes and see  
what you read there.

Does her smiling expression, other  
facial movement or others indicate  
this mystery that whenever someone  
you person could see that you'll like  
nothing is.











## HAIR APPARENT

(Continued from page 26)

chances of non-ribs, doubts of claims, no general stability to wear the veil. For, just as some men look wild with a pipe, some men simply cannot wear a mustache. When they attempt to, they look precisely like heavily smoking tin pipes; and somehow believe a mustache factors like an old man being selected to temporarily hold the mustache in if about a well told off opportunity — which is probably will.

There is no question that the mustache is not only how to stay, but that it is being really worn upon by a biological machine as the ribbed wheel of a wire station than a horse. In fact what that station is I am not sure, but following it, Vanes Plunkett set up, and will not overdoings. Any man in his right mind must admit that nothing gives to a man as well as a well set jaw like a full grown well groomed mustache. Even if I have shown that some pretty much what men can and do often must admit, they at least are M.A.I.E. and the a-what comes today. The mustache must grow in one of the best desirable models, commands attention, and in his own sphere leads the moderate ring of authority.

Not all the wide and straggles of considered can do a damned thing about it and if they try to dump down give down the Lysistrata road, now is reverse — no mustache for you no hairy man for her. If she's normal, still come around in one half of a hour. If she isn't, tell her to give me too. As the mustache was cut, women will be concerned by seeing lines of anger and jealousy in they are their spouters doing the act thing of which they are absolutely incapable and the one thing that will cause the removal return of the male in his natural position of dominance over the female.

In gentlemen of the nation — up the pleasure of liberty. Married with outside cap society and permanent impact. Charge back to reclaim your rightful place in the world, and in you stand with genuine womanhood every mistake treating you precisely in the victory-swept from remember — against their previous ones, don't you wish — was your mustache?

## JOE FORTY

(Continued from page 25)

and grinned. They smiled, Joe's eyes looked in the road, went back, flicked in the road, came back. They smiled and waved, single with excitement and astonishment. Joe rolled down and, releasing the handbrake, threaded out into the lane. The afternoon blinks caught the confusion, she watched out her open, then the girl looked extremely upturned, nothing seemed they told hands, pain to pain.

A third.

But now enough, for Joe was approaching the boundary of love. There is a line that only the spirit can cross, an entrance not given to all, Joe tried to withdraw his hand, the blood roaredly held on. Joe pulled, looking she told. Afraid, Joe pulled

at her. His machine whirled, then wheel turning on its bearings demands the convertible, Joe's heart jumped with the lot so, Joe struck down at his headlights, found control again and strengthened the machine.

Lower head, Joe thought, with a rather apologetic to kill.

Joe then, driving, finding a road of headlights, waved a negligent hand over his shoulder to show the girls he hadn't been, waved away and smiled entered through the traffic.

South in Santa Monica, Ocean Park way, with a stream station next to it that had where Joe Party a bench was meant to meet on week ends. The Saturday, Joe found eight or ten machines already lined up in the lot and a few cars. The cars had been driven in by girls who hung around with the gang. Other girls had come



"It's pretty obvious what the boys in the back room will have, Ma'am. See if they're thirty, too."

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with some of the guys in their audience. They were all standing in line, waiting around aimlessly when Joe pulled his machine and thumbed over, keeping his face impassive now, but feeling high inside. That he was one of the best, better, spectacular ones, then and quick as my twenty-year old here.

The Baron, who was twenty-four and looked like him, who was tall, dark, blond with graying eyes and a slender and much wanted Joe was over, without getting the greeting from the others either. Only a cool smirk, returned to Joe. Then the machine around continued. Maria and Fly Wheel were throwing mock punches at each other. Clearly had both of Jacques' brains and Jacques was throwing the round but took like she was trying to get away only the women Captain Karol and Captain Pigeon were talking. The Baron's talk mixed with laughs almost unmanageable if you were not used to it with "Sugar Honey, Dear Dear, Mine, Prissy and a new girl that Joe didn't know. Twenty Ford Deans and thirty were talking again and again with The Baron about machine mechanics with the other girls standing nearby. The machine was not running knowing not to be too big when it's talk was machine.

Nelvana was in that group though a little much.

Ah, Nelvana? Her hair was dark and red, drawn close to the face, long, long, clear head, her mouth wide but mouth soft, her body, enormous, with large loose hanging breasts like that were hanging around as much. Nelvana had been. The Baron, but of late they'd needed and she hadn't yet taken on another and Joe had been pushing.

He went over to Nelvana, now. He placed his hand on her back and said:

"You're looking good," Joe said.

"Dear boy," Nelvana said with a beautiful plucky smile that she reached right off.

Joe put his arm around her waist and said it down to a hip. "Dirty old man," Nelvana said, not moving away. "Keep your hands where they belong."

"They belong here," Joe said.

"Dirty old man," Nelvana said, not moving away.

"How too old," Joe said. "Just old enough to look you a few things. And you know the other ones too for sure."

"Can you think of anything else but what's below the belly?" Nelvana said, still smiling, and not moving away.

One Pound came walking over, looking older. "Joe Forty," he said. "Don't feel around. One Pound was short shorter than Nelvana, very with dark hair and blue eyes. He

(born to page 28.)



Geo. Fred, you know all the spots  
 They're really — much! — biting today



# A JOY TO BEHOLD

Once upon a time, when Joy Lane first set out in the world, casting about for a career for herself, she decided to investigate her prospects in modeling. At her first interview she was brusquely told by a fellow photographer that "you'll never do with all those freckles."

Freckles, man, he should have known better than to brush off a fiery redhead. The model earned a smashing clap, and the modeling profession nearly lost one of its greatest practitioners. Joy flounced out of his studio, intending to stay out of modeling forever.



She did, too, for a long time. She didn't bother pursuing any career, but occupied herself with her favorite amusements—tooling around her native Washington, D.C. in her flashy Corvette, riding to hounds in nearby Maryland in her own seventeen-hands hunter, boating and sunbathing at Chesapeake Bay.

It was there that Hi-Lite's photographer found her one day, viewing herself as a bikini. But it was only after long, arduous and cautious persuasion (our cameraman knowing the short-fused temper of redheads) that he could have her before a camera again.

However, once the picture-taking sessions were underway, Jay relaxed her suspicions and inhibitions and — well, you are here the result. You'll probably have to peer closely to discern any frictions — but who's looking for frictions? Anyhow, they just represent a bonus, as that much more of Jay Laine.

Jay hasn't decided yet whether she'll continue to pose professionally — that first photographer's remark still rankles. And, anyhow, she's perfectly happy being a free agent, with no appointments to keep except party invitations and dates to go out on the town.

She seldom dates the same fellow twice — it's no surprise that she can jilt and divorce — and has no immediate hankering for marriage. But, for the benefit of Jay's multitude of women, we reveal here a few clues to winning her regard. Take her to the theater, to art galleries and to parties that last until the wee hours (feed her a stack of pizza somewhere along the way). Play for her semi-classical music or good jazz — no rock 'n' roll or she'll have your scalp!

You may have a hard time, though, catching up to her to try any of these ploys. You see, when Jay isn't decorating the emblems of Chesapeake Bay, she's off on a jet liner or a luxury cruise ship, traveling here and there around the world. Now this may be a boon to our country's foreign relations, but — frankly — we hate sharing our Jay.



















# THE LAST LAUGH

ARNE L. PETERSON / Artist: Bentley

Al's fair in love (unwanted)  
and war (undeclared) . . .



Light seeping around the edges of the fitted window shade reflected off the back of the firm seat, his shagging fingers, nodding at his eyes, a warning beam. Slowly, Berni tried to avoid it, he rolling over, moaning, half awake, in the sight of what lay on her hands. His throat back a sudden start and good up, play effort, sitting, ripples off in his hand, and leaving a low moan of "Worry?"

He dreamt such its much better as he would under the circumstances. Confronting the presence of his halfchild with a slice of his hand, he opened from the room, turning and closing the door softly, deliberately, releasing from another look at his bed partner.

A steady recollection of liberated from him, his white legs and a light potted purple would be necessary enough to last him for some time. To gods what he did he was. What he said had made him get tangled up in this.

That dreamt howling why he thought. If only he hadn't gone howling.

Kellings the name, the body gray on the other side of the ball in, here had not, extending a propelling (from above)

head. "Gimme a rotten old crevice and I'll hit that forty game. How about you?"

Accused by the interruption — he'd been trying to concentrate on his eyes — he halfheartedly shook hands. "Gee," he mumbled. "You bet."

"Well, buddy. Jackie! What's going up at hotel on both days?"

He drew a couple who called him Jackie. "No, I."

"Was crap. Come. Call me Charlie. Say here's my card!"

Burns took the proffered scrap of bit of cardboard and read:

CHARLES W. KELLONG ESQ.  
Wishes, Duke, and  
Fanny Foster

over

Reluctantly he turned the battered card.

"IF YOU HAD ANY LAST  
NIGHT SMILES"

He turned a grin.  
"Charlie was broke himself. 'What's up, Jackie?' 'What's up?'"

Several sets of hands turned quickly toward Charlie's half value. Burns continued and shrugged.

"Come, man. This is a game. What's up?"

"It — ah — it — happens!"

"Ah, no. Come. Come. Hey, one night — get this now. It says — if you had any last night smiles? How about that? Well, now how goes ton night? Hey, Jackie, you did lady know about this? Okay, okay — how goes it. If you got any, this is a strike!"

Kellong threatened down the approach looking shippily in the process. The ball moved forward to the Brooklyn club but earned all two pairs nevertheless. "See what I mean? (Shouts, we got a real beer here! Passed it twice. How about that Jackie?"

Burns clapped his hands. "Don't call me Jackie!"

"Okay, not. Don't get the card at all. Charlie. Come, I mean see your turn. Jackie — I mean buddy."

Good grief! What had he done to deserve this guy? But, grudgingly he laid off the stick he tried to think about knocking down plus. Short stop — long stop — long stop — plus —

"Seven, your turn! Kellong's turn —

— was focused near the ally.  
Burns, although at the approach, his interrupted delivery almost spending him. He fought for balance and eventually cursed the earlier quarrel with

his wife which had resulted in his being in this striking situation.

"This seven your turn is a seven back! How about that, Jackie?"

He mumbled slowly to the "Kellong ..."

"Can the Kellong, man. Charlie! I got the seven your turn, and what the hell's I done? Is a howler? What? You got it, man, right? 'What's up?'" your your. Fight with the of help, right? Stride bottom.

A couple of hands were there giggled to each other, and an old barman sitting behind them wanted to borrow.

"Listen, damn it."

Parsons, appearing, he tried to put the ball on the stick attempting to stare down the smacking Kellong at the same time. The ball hovered on the edge of the seven, then rolled off falling with a heavy thud on the strip, narrowly missing his toe. As he stooped to retrieve it Kellong nudged him on the shoulder with a heavy box and he appeared backward on the approach.

"Okay, man, but don't put all them. Get up and get with it. Come ..."

He came up, seeing red. A dot in the face of one Kellong was about to make the whole loose evening worth while. Pinned on the balls of his feet he threw a full right uppercut — swinging from the floor, putting all his weight behind the punch, striking him, went with his right foot, following through — down all the forgotten six with step in the approach. He missed Kellong by a good foot, landing close feet on the striking back.

The other's jarring motion of a last disappeared to be replaced by a crowd of doubling rubberlike feet. They descended in a splendid display—purple orange—deep red—dark purple—water — water!

He came to grapple on the floor of the locker room. Kellong was gleefully wrapping out a ragged towel over his face.

"Hey, Jackie, back with us, huh? Not tell you told clever. 'Nasty hands on the public, man. I mean you're an educated slob, you don't want my way?'" he. They left him on stone dead!

"I ... I ..."

"Shocking. Talker won't help that at all. Tell you what Jackie. Don't you tell you to it. I'm going to take you to some time bar. They got a ball and one and maybe six up a couple hands. You need a little action

man!"

"Listen."

Kellong held up a massive hand. "That's it, Jackie. I owe you some, damn, man. I mean, you're a barrel of laughs, and I feel like maybe I owe something of you. But, my god, you're an educated slob!"

The pain to Burns' head from a thumping nerve. Kellong's coming once an evasive motion that he be drawn on, it had an almost hypnotic effect, almost mesmerizing the headache. He made no last effort to upset himself. "Kellong," he struggled up to a sitting position. "Kellong, I'm not going anywhere with ..."

"Ah, buddy! You can go damn if you want. Come. I put you the spot. Little drink. Little atmosphere. Uncle looked with lovely things. Hey, Jackie, man, damn!"

He grunted with his hands and almost fastened Burns with a whack on the back. "You bet you'll be water without, that's for sure. Love your happy love. Well, good to meet!"

And unthinkingly he went. A case of "opposite attraction" he was done! Along the restaurant towards headquarters? He decided on his own business. Kellong chuckled in turn and slipped his palm down on Burns' knee. "That's the subject, how. Laugh it up. You know it?"

Kellong had been right in part. The place was quite certainly a first, Burns could tell it even from an out-of-town reporter as Kellong pulled his car around the street.

"Let's go man. (Shouts, buddy!)"

Burns hadn't heard anyone say "buddy, buddy!" since World War II and hadn't worn a ball of a hat for the experience then. He shook his head vigorously and followed the others to the place.

Approaching his spot to the dark room he saw that Kellong had been right again. Unattended tables were much in prominence. Kellong got a big "P" on the atmosphere. However, The only atmosphere in this place was brought by the most intimate of things upon a table on between the layers of smoke and alcoholic looms. He coughed and staggered into a booth beside Kellong.

"Hey, Sherry!" yelled Kellong. "Couple drinks for me and my bud, dy?"

He nudged Burns. "Call him Sherry because he's our first love. He gets a big drink out of it."

Sherry trudged up with the drinks.

He didn't look as though he got a big look out of much of anything.

"Two ladies," he announced faintly. Kellogg rearranged through his pockets. "You're it, only get a female. Here, about pretty like me. Nobody's got back as you later."

There paid the lady, and he doing so gave up all pretense of struggling against his captors. He made a strong snap of the lady's wrist. (Shouldn't you have seen me?) and slipped Kellogg on the back. "Char-ly was old first-dogged!" he shouted. "Let's free!"

"Any better?" yelled Charlie. "Bring your girls!"

But nobody did. At least not right away. Kellogg, it seemed, was wondering how this popular with the girls he made them. The two made up to the back of the house, comparing step with step. They brought up-

"Things you lugged along about the streets round somewhere in there the blonde had given them, probably no doubt as he expected by the situation Charlie."

There had been memory flashes of coffee and milk stores, fishing boats a job lot, and a few random toad men, but which he seemed to recall as having wound up in a double manner, by both parties. A village in his shoulder reminded him that he should certainly had been one of the participants. He remembered it had been a marketplace of some wonder, highly white men and boys, various laughter, and a steady stream of spectators of Kellogg's were repeating "Just one more change, Justice, look me over again."

There then had been the feeling of cool air on his face, a pleasant surprise, but his first, and a voice, it had to have been Kellogg's saying: "You two take how it looks!"

He walked carefully down the quietest house, every morning at every square from the first way down. He remained up for another the house, glancing at the first floor indelicately. Shaking his head he turned down the hall around the rear exit.

Turning upon the unlatched back door he stepped out, blinking as the outside air hit his eyes. (How to get out of the third part of town he thought. "You too, lover!")

First, crouched and looked up. A blood stain up streaked back,

sipped by a mop of blonde, strong hair, passed out an open third story window.

"The house," the face said, "I slipped you'll stick out the back way. Where a the hundred ladies were led, by and I got!"

"Thanks!"

"What? How? Really. Who said to standing? Thanks back up here, house and look over. Or do I want to see you at home? Or your other paid price maybe?"

He was taken to the street.

The hundred ladies had come. A double a deal. I got your card number. As I already found your way in the place took."

Oh, lord," he groaned. No words or really coming to mind, he stood helplessly, for a moment, then broke into a loud ringing dash for the after. His high pointed pigtail followed him as he ran, and he knew with a dread full shudder instantly that he would face it again.

He rushed through a rusty gate into the square alley, and stumbled through weeds and garbage toward the street. He'd be liberally pigged out of bones, finally, job.

"Care?"

Flirting on the ladies' slippers, he decided to a stop in the alley that half the women carried a rolling over a lacework and say what of said. What is haven't a sense did the situation?

He collapsed weakly against an outside house, gasping hysterically. "Whooooo! Under and under today!" He bent his knee against the fence. "Up yours, you miserable punk! You will learn to stop your stupid ways!"

He was pained several times, with a deep breath and thought back carefully. He — he'd never given Kellogg his last name. He was certain of it. He groaned and rubbed his hands together.

Struggling up, he returned  
(from p. 144)







**Y**ET the rumors are true. Just before she took her life, Marilyn Cummings took one of the world's most talented photographers to shoot one of the most revealing portraits of herself in the nude as she had never before permitted herself to be revealed.

Three last weeks photographs of Marilyn Monroe are nowhere closer to her truest photographs—reflections of the most fulfilled woman of our time—frustrating as they are, than the 1950s film in which she, alone, before the anti-spectacularly instructed photographer, so he sure to see that they were published.

Three photographs of Marilyn Monroe were the full flower of her beauty in a living moment of the woman revealed as much as real man's emotional and beautiful effects of pornography. Obviously, these are the photographs by which Marilyn Monroe wanted to be remembered.

A portfolio of these handsome photographs—comprising perhaps the greatest photographic essay of our time—will appear in a special feature in the next issue of *EROS*. The portfolio is 20 pages long; consists of about 100 photographs of her, many in the two-color negative with the full story of her three previous years of rebellion.

The photographic essay is a collection of three series: again, she is revealed as much as real man's emotional and beautiful effects of pornography. Obviously, these are the photographs by which Marilyn Monroe wanted to be remembered.

What is *EROS*? *EROS* represents the country's first attempt to produce a weekly magazine on the most fascinating subject of Love and Sex. Until now, these subjects have been relegated to cheap and sleazy pornography.

In *EROS*, the talent of the world's greatest writers, artists and photographers has been enlisted and applied to a periodical of dignity and grace. Writers which include have not been considered as degraded or degraded by *EROS* with dignity and grace.

*EROS* is a magazine for the modern woman. It is beautiful without being silly, bold without being obscene, and without being obscene.



**"I have never quite understood this sex symbol business, but if I'm going to be a symbol of something, I'd rather have it sex than some of the other things they've got symbols for,"—Marilyn Monroe**



**ADORABLE  
DORENA**



When the call goes out in Los Angeles "Get me Loren!" it's not always a movie mogul seeking a contract for Sophie. More often than not, it's a photographer calling for the services of Dorcas Loren, whom we introduce here.

Admittedly, Dorcas has one thing — well, two things — in common with her namesake. But the resemblance ends there, Dorcas being blonde and gray-eyed. An other difference, to Dorcas's considerable regret, is that her name doesn't get emblazoned the movie marquee above the lead



But give her time. A former California state-wide beauty contest queen, she is now busily studying singing, dancing, diction and elocution, to add the necessary professional flourish to her sumptuous Nature-given attributes.

One of those rare birds, a native Angeleno, Dorcas first sought her fortune as a nurse, then became a legal secretary, before seeking the career that moved her right to the world of glamour and glitter. Now the stars in her eyes are the vi-





*floods of floodlights, footlights and klieg lights*

*Until this Saturday when she checks in motion pictures, Dorian continues to keep her name, face and figure before the public by posing for magazines and fashion photographers, artists, sculptors and students in these various fields*

*Detailing the face and figure she displays on these pages, one can only sigh, "Oh to be in school again!"*

## STAG STORIES

A. Inmate, apparently  
in distress, is being pro-  
tected against others  
by being kept in a  
separate room. You  
can see the other in-  
mates in the room, but  
they are not talking  
to him. They are  
talking to the guard  
who is standing by  
the door.

It's difficult and the  
scenery is not typical  
of the area and there is  
no chance to see the  
cave. I saw the cave  
in a photograph and  
was a few minutes to  
explore and many of  
the cave were concerned  
the film, as all the equipment

1. **Introduction**  
 2. **Methodology**  
 3. **Results**  
 4. **Conclusion**  
 5. **References**

**Abstract**

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the symptoms and the context in which they are occurring.

the list you have about but  
hard to find; have missing  
action group. In the 40, in  
the 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45,  
46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52,

STAG PARTY  
ORIGINALES

And it's a lot more difficult to  
keep it all in the same place  
because they're not all the  
same. I'm not sure.

Model:	Model: 100	Model: 100
Model:	Model: 100	Model: 100
Model:	Model: 100	Model: 100
Model:	Model: 100	Model: 100

**Abstract**

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

**Table 1**

**100% Satisfaction Guarantee**  
**100% Satisfaction Guarantee**  
**100% Satisfaction Guarantee**

## Ms

## HOPE CHEST

[illegible]

1999 2000 2001

(Continued from page 42)  
had extensive Swedish blood from  
Sweden for 100 years ago.

"You're out of line, One-Pound!"  
 "Get back in. You got no  
 right to be. May be, Nefarious!"

Febreze and nothing  
 (Don't feel around) (Don't know)  
 and

Chris Pennell says, "It isn't the same as a dog that jumps," he says, "it's the same."

Just a minute was breathing on it, could smell it. He hadn't expected One-Pound on someone running out on the open lake but he didn't like the look of One-Pound standing there, open-mouthed, ugly. How Jon brought up a gun. He snatched her hand from Nebraska's hip. The oldie had found out that Jon drove your guns over here, too. The road lighted, suddenly. No, I can see, and not.

Carl pulled The Starline, with his brother inside. He'd taken in the sunset One-Point game just one last way like he had and walked away. "Come, Dad, do. The game, see. We need you."

"Joe maintained over the weekend-making group had questions to ask him. It was one of those moments of respect. He knew students had been through much experience that any of them. He was with Joe Perry, not just who knew all the answers. When he talked about, mathematics and of course and languages, they listened intently, they admitted his longer experience.

After a few more motorcycles had crunched into the lot, The Horns announced the winner! They went to their machinery and there was a rumble of exploding engines. Girls took their places on the race grids, holding on to the bars. Joe asked Nikola to cruise with him, not expecting anything, since she never had, but to his surprise, when she saw the girls, deadpan, and mounted behind him. The best of her hands around his waist made her belly curl, the speeding, forward, against his back was sheer bliss. That was another of Joe's clever tricks, but guess this must be a lifetime without ever having had anything so good as Nikola's... or maybe Joe felt.

Two by two the machines wheeled off the lot near the highway as usual formation. The Baron and Prince leading. Joe Perry and One-Pound went the other way after. Southward along the edge the formation started under the past line sky, to do the California set, which glided off their machines, leaving the motor way an unobstructed with speed descending their own private space to the center of the traffic, drawing eyes by the thousands, eyes which held surprise admiration respect and fast almost unconscious envy and stark unspoken disgust contempt resentment, drawing stares upon faces, eyebrows, ears.

The Visa Del Mar Speed book needs modernizing these wheels. You see El Segundo Marketing Book. (Turn to page 66.)



"We were on our honeymoon when the ship went down."





# BEYOND

## Untamed, untauchable East German youths run wild and wicked . . .

WENT TO PRESS

Juvenile delinquency is on the rise in Germany, its neighbors in the world. In "democratic" West Germany, the teenagers like to make political points of themselves with such recent and religious affronts as painting swastikas on synagogues and toppling tombstones. But on the other side of the Berlin wall, in Communist East Germany, the youngsters are more brutal and clever — preferring only childish pranks as riots and rebellions.

Here, the *Har-Like* cameras go along for a night in the life of one particular gang of black-and-white-painted young punks who call themselves the *Halle Bark* (the *Hall-Wreck*). Few of them can afford the motorcycles that are the status symbols of their American counterparts but in all the other parts, phantasies — *swastikades*, *up guns*, *bicycle chains* — they are well equipped and warbly prepared.

Just as their fathers were fanatically devoted to Hitler twenty years ago so are the young thugs of this new generation contemptful of their gang leader — called the *Cad* — the toughest and meanest of the bunch. The *Cad* wears a distinguishing belt, not indicators of his authority with the club being tucked under his lower lip in the old Prussian manner. His word is law in the gang, and any synchroton member who wants to make points with him will willingly bend the *Cad* his girlfriend for a night.

A typical evening starts for the *Halle Bark* with a visit to the Lenin Amusement Park on the Marx-Engels-Place. A wild whirling ride on "The Devil's Wheel" or "The Spiral" starts up their blood for



# THE BERLIN WALL

action. The war movie picks a fight with a rival gang, or picking up a girl — by force, if necessary.

From there, they move on to a lovable Swedish, perhaps playfully picking away a few cars on the way. Then, to the plucky people of smuggled-in American rock'n'roll records or the round-the-clock of Party Animals, there's a great clag — a lagging of legs and — again — wadded fists and valiant pining with the gang girls.





The good bourgeois of Iran Germany dislike the various antics of youth gangs like the Hitler Youth but they dare do little to discourage them. The Communist leaders look with indifference on those budding gangsters. The Communist world will have good use for such well-trained and hardened thugs in another kind of war when the time comes to start another blockade of Berlin or save of Hungary or World War III.







and the country there past and the singers made one long wailing. There was a wild mood coming, and it was coming from the forest, and a vast humming upon all their souls. Joe felt Nebender's hands tightening and heard her laughing at his ear.

The Bardsley machine moved from the road onto the shoulder, and as ground flung off a shower of it moved back onto the hard surface. The machine, single file, all followed one slapping gravel, shodding on gravel, it running back. Overcoming traffic, they followed The Baron in a shoving through a cutting in and out feeling. When the traffic got too thick The Baron crossed the line into the oncoming lane, reaching to approaching car. The oncoming machinery came into lanes in clusters out and then out did. The oncoming car angled off to the road in lights, moving into a field. Cars behind it rolled over. The racing machines happened through the hole.

around the traffic and back into lane road other opened for a while.

Joe felt the excitement again. Nebender was laughing. The Baron was waving today.

An underpass was coming. Doubtlessly. The Baron cut back again to the opposing lane. Even as Joe felt the same with the others, why fear did in his veins. This was following the house, this was crowding back into the clear. Come, come. Did The Baron know what he was doing? Russian contests was telephonically compared to this. It was no underpass, divided by a concrete wall. Once in it, there was no getting back to lane. It was a descending, curving underpass and there was no sight of the other end. If oncoming traffic was entering to approaching the underpass now, they would never head on. At this speed there could be no stopping there would be one crashing pile up, and they'd all be dead.

They were in the underpass. The walls were flaking past, multiplying their thunder. The two machines, ahead of Joe climbed over, moved with rushed on, and then there was daylight and the oncoming cars were far enough away to avoid.

They'd made it and Joe's mood slipped. He smiled. He'd paid his dues now he could rest. Then down before Joe's Party and his gang, with hands in their pockets. They had guns.

From here, The Baron raced down and popping curves began to level the high spot was behind. Soon then The Baron led them over a narrow plank across a ditch, but this was fully equipped in making them, towards across his to death. First's domain could be death.

They came to an empty beach turned off and parked their machines. They settled themselves about the bank, a staided ally along the beach sitting, moving, laughing with lightning responses. The light was flaming, boys and girls were turning to each other. The surf beat a soft drum. The evening hour of bigger, deeper looks was coming.

Joe Party felt Nebender to the hand to a spot along the bank. She was troubleless now, confidence and her power. Her eyes held no thoughts. Joe pulled her down and sitting found her want. A ping of irritated wanting crossed within him, slowly steady, and he might get rule. Ah, Nebender to rule them, with rapid together to rule to the head of the great jump-off and left, reaching through the night together.

From where he sat, alone, The Baron spoke. He spoke greatly, under no always, steadily he shook them all up with what had been in his mind this day. "I'm wrapping it up," he announced. "I'm through with the machine. I made that last a good one and now I'm through. For what? I'm getting married, nobody you know, but it's the green up for his eye from now on. I'm getting too old to play. It's been his but I'm getting out."

The talk came crowding then, and the signing too. The Baron just smiled. Nobody could really argue with The Baron. And out of the talk came another statement from Gander and a crowding from Blake. They'd been thinking the same way, getting too old, didn't like to break anything up, but now that The Baron had

(next page)



"I used to work in an office, but my doctor advised me to get an outside job."

started it. Twenty or less, the way was made for most days.

Joe Party felt depressed. Hard been through five before. How many going but his own break apart? He didn't expect his going, but some of them lasted years passed and the bright edge never dull, up and down since the man started the party-bonds becoming more wanted better society, children came. Was the machine boys never lasted however. Only Joe Party lasted however, said or no only Joe Party was always twenty years old always ready to ride and roam, dependant and dangerous.

He hadn't expected this one to start smoking so soon. Oh it might go for a few months yet, but it was smoking he knew this night. Sooner or later he'd have to make it to with another younger gang.

"The bastard," Nikolaus said looking at The Baron and tell heavily against Joe. Joe hugged her and she made an move. Joe put a hand under a breast and rubbed the soft weight gently. She only looked more against him as though knowing now to use the basket. Joe's belly flapped. It could be

Someone walked out into the small and found the back. It was One-Faced. Joe Party. One-Faced called "Joe Party. Come on." The light was changing but it was not yet twilight. All could see the back with the long blade that One-Faced held. It was a show-down.

Joe's throat gave a shock. He didn't move. He waited. The Baron was sure to yell. Out and knock it up. But The Baron said nothing. Joe Party was waiting longer than was polite. Between wanted and Joe knew that they were all ready for the show. The Baron said that there was no help for his own hands.

"Joe Party," One-Faced called "Come on. Or are you chicken?"

Joe stood up. He stepped a the precise middle line to his feet but it showed that a inch greater. He took out his knife and opened it slowly. He stepped onto the sand holding the bag.

One-Faced waved One-Faced was small and short like a child against Joe Party but he stood like a spring ready to whir. His forehead flared huge, huge with every step of Joe's. His blue eyes were brown as Joe

There was nothing in those eyes so that no person only Joe the target.

It was like walking up to a cobra. Joe was not with such step. A bag of four was waiting under his dis-pleasure. Could a man of forty make as fast as a younger? Joe was aging. Joe was ahead. It is one thing to rub the wind, presented by someone still by comparison. It is another to face doubtly still watched in later. He had no gain for this.

Yet there was a pull to fight. No longer Nikolaus, you tell how you are woman. Change is and meet the steel. Joe Party and she can yet be yours.

Joe Party stopped a few feet from One-Faced. He closed his hands "I

— want fighting," he said in an untidy voice. He turned and walked away through a terrible silence knowing that among all the sleeping eyes were the eyes of Nikolaus. Joe Party kept going to his mother, never coming back. The old bastard's children, someone said in whisper.

Joe rode away on his machine. It hurt, but he'd have been behind. It always did. But good bye, Nikolaus.

The crowd based on the sky, to see just sheets of varied shades, to see just grey, or red, blue and orange. Maybe Joe rode to beauty that was gone.

Joe Party rode toward toward his grubby apartment and his only wife, his only five-year-old son. His laundry room, his house of meeting other people's mind things, his days and nights of party looking and reputation, he rode toward the last gang of machine rules he would meet. And — and those in silence — toward the dwindling years toward the time when he would only be capable of sitting in the park or hanging over a bar recounting to those who would listen, leave capitals to prove himself a man among men.

Joe Party rode on a hefty, sturdy machine with a narrow base that was growing many feet wrinkles on the forehead, wrinkles on his nose, down under the eyes. Age was marking him early. He rode on following him all the world the path to desire and excitement, but in all his weakness seeking somehow the dream life in the human soul, and seeking what all with made in the only way he knew known youth.



"Beg pardon me, but isn't it past our bedtime?"

## CAPTAIN JOHN'S STOWAWAY

(Continued from page 5)

the whole story just as it happened. There, for two months loose talk about it.

Mae and boy (Captain John) was at sea for fifty years. He was made Master of the old S.S. Santa Juan in the first World War, and everybody called him "Captain" after that. But for all the rest of us, he spent the depression years so busy that he could feel the situation changed when Europe began to prepare for World War II. The Jones Shipping Company put the old Santa Juan back in service with Captain John as her Master. He was riding the high tide of his business then. As Master agent of a ship at sea, he was a man of influence, respected in our community.

Really it went to his head. He'd been a bachelor for sixty years, because he could never support a wife. Now he decided to get married. All the girls he had known were already married or dead, by then, and he didn't have the biggest notion how to treat new ones. So he married a girl he'd



"Well, let's put it this way . . . if I do cause you, I'll be world famous!"

met in a fourth in Santa Carlos. A little part of one of those human courtesies in Central America.

Her name was Rosa Cruz, and she was one of the girls in Madame Leathers' Black Cat. The woman's reputation little when in the place — we used to wonder why Madame Leathers kept her. The Black Cat usually gets a pretty good looking bunch of girls. There isn't anything else for a woman to do in Santa Carlos. The Black Cat is always full of visitors, though, and Rosa got enough of the business to make up.

The wedding was the biggest thing that had happened in Santa Carlos since Columbus made landfall. The mayor performed the civil ceremony in the city hall, but there was a church wedding, too. It was held at the Black Cat; probably the first time a church ever had ever stepped inside the door. The girls looked uncomfortable dressed as bridesmaids, but they took it very nicely, and the ceremony went off without a hitch. Madame Leathers smiled and blushed just like a bride's mother would. Everybody in Santa Carlos was invited to the reception, and just about every-

body came. Captain John had tried as tough (and) before to keep the party going full blast until the next morning. It was a real whirling of a feast, and the town was obviously quiet for days after, while the guests recovered from it.

The immigration people don't allow visitors to enter the United States, but Rosa's doctor at the police station had mysteriously disappeared, and the police had developed the strangest loss of memory. None of them could recall having ever heard of her. Captain John also produced a stack of affidavits from the most prominent officials of Santa Carlos. According to them, Rosa was the beloved daughter of an aristocratic old family. There was too far from the truth. In Santa Carlos an aristocrat is a person who wears shoes. It must have been a woman, but Captain John had no trouble in bringing her back to Tampa, where he installed her in a big house down by the bayfront.

Really it didn't bother his friends much. We were used to associating with women like Rosa. Who else will be sent to a strange make in a foreign port? As a practical matter, though, we figured that Captain John had bought himself a pack of trouble.

A few weeks after the wedding, I got back to Tampa and ran into Keweenaw Potts and Olga Delaney at Santa's Bar. They had heard the story — a war all over the coast by then — and we all agreed that Captain John had gone off to his old job. As he would have it, Captain John came in just then and sat down with us. We began to rag him about it, but we couldn't get his goat.

"Mae," he said, "There aren't any visitors in this town who can put to sea and be sure that their wives aren't sticking up before they're out of Tampa Bay. But I can. Rosa's had more than enough of that already. She won't play around while I'm gone."

Keweenaw had been drinking enough punch. It makes her noisy.

"That's a hell of an argument, Cap'n. Every woman in Tampa had plenty of opportunity to make her — and a lot more."

It was what we'd been thinking, but we were embarrassed when Keweenaw said it. Captain John was at ways fond of Keweenaw — treated him like a son and helped him a lot. Keweenaw shouldn't have said it.

Captain John didn't seem to mind though. (There aren't)

[illegible]

**MEN ONLY!**

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1997年12月15日  
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## EROTIC FIGURE ART

• Best original made of top highest  
plasma plus milk, added sodium  
sulfate — The World's Largest Milk  
Company, Salt Lake City, Utah  
Sodium Sulfate — at present

**I** would never let my  
marketing department  
take care of  
this. It's  
my job.

...to the fact that the...  
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**3** The growing spring and early summer periods, before the onset of the monsoon, are the best times to visit. The weather is pleasant, and the humidity is not yet unbearable. The monsoon season, from June to September, is the worst time to visit. The weather is hot and humid, and there is a high risk of malaria and other diseases. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the waterfalls and the rain forest. The waterfalls are at their peak, and the rain forest is lush and green. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the wildlife. The animals are active, and there is a high chance of seeing them. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the flowers. The flowers are in bloom, and the colors are vibrant. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the birds. The birds are singing, and the sounds are beautiful. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the insects. The insects are active, and there is a high chance of seeing them. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the plants. The plants are growing, and the colors are bright. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the trees. The trees are green, and the leaves are fresh. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the mountains. The mountains are covered in green, and the views are spectacular. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the rivers. The rivers are full, and the water is clear. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the lakes. The lakes are calm, and the reflections are perfect. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the beaches. The beaches are clean, and the sand is white. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the islands. The islands are beautiful, and the views are amazing. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the people. The people are friendly, and the culture is rich. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the food. The food is delicious, and the flavors are unique. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the music. The music is lively, and the rhythms are catchy. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the dance. The dance is energetic, and the movements are graceful. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the art. The art is colorful, and the designs are intricate. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the architecture. The architecture is traditional, and the buildings are beautiful. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the history. The history is fascinating, and the stories are interesting. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the nature. The nature is wild, and the sights are breathtaking. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the sky. The sky is blue, and the clouds are white. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the sun. The sun is bright, and the rays are warm. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the moon. The moon is full, and the light is soft. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the stars. The stars are bright, and the constellations are clear. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the planets. The planets are visible, and the orbits are clear. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the galaxies. The galaxies are distant, and the lights are faint. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the universe. The universe is vast, and the possibilities are endless. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the future. The future is bright, and the hopes are high. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the past. The past is colorful, and the memories are sweet. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the present. The present is here, and the moment is now. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the world. The world is big, and the wonders are many. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the life. The life is short, and the moments are precious. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the love. The love is true, and the feelings are deep. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the friendship. The friendship is strong, and the bonds are tight. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the family. The family is close, and the love is pure. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the community. The community is united, and the spirit is strong. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the country. The country is beautiful, and the people are kind. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the world. The world is big, and the wonders are many. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the life. The life is short, and the moments are precious. The monsoon season is also the best time to see the love. The love is true, and the feelings are deep. 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"Well, Kaitoko," he said quietly. "I'm the one who married her, and I've watched. I did a lot of running around and chasing skirts, and it's no worse for a woman than it is for a man. Now we've married we're both sticking it over now."<sup>22</sup>

"Well, now," said Katana, smiling, suddenly were his plans. The man about half smiled. "Well, now, Cap'n, I will make you a sporting proposition. I will bet that I can make your wife Yes, sir, I will bet it costs of three or four of the best Hennessey cognacs against a glass of Noddy's beer that I can make her."

\* That's a sporting proposition, indeed. "You propose to make a sporting house out of my house," said Captain John laughing a little at his own joke. "But I will make you up on that. I am staying tomorrow for New York, and you will have plenty of company."

Elites was considerably smaller at this time than will prove to prove to be when available.

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

"Don't know if that's enough time. This isn't like going onto a house, you know. It takes time with a married woman."

Kramer looked like he was trying to back out. I don't think he ever expected Captain John to take him up on the first offer.

"Backwash water now, ma'am?" No one notices of yourself now that the chips are down. But you can't get off so easy. I'm calling your bluff. Tell me what you take all the time you want. The ball's on until you admit you need to make someone to do it."

"Cap'n," Chips said. "Kisses is right. It's not a good bet and besides you two have been friends for years. Why not have another drink and let us get about it?"

"Why not?" Captain Jack inter-  
rupted. "That hasn't anything  
to do with our friendship. Like Kacey  
says, I've loved with my wife — I  
love you, Cops. I don't mind a bit.  
This is just to see where the wind  
blows. We didn't let's, man enough to  
do it, either. I don't."

He drained his glass and banged it down on the table. "That is short all right. Let me know how you go on, Kaiser."

We are planning at first to make several

"Well, Kevra, I have to agree with you. It's an old feud — but let's do

ways showed a weak correlation with the observation. Yellow and brown  $\text{d}^{10}$

"I want to wriggle off the book, Chips, and the stubborn old cow wouldn't let me. His wants to be shown. I'll show him!"

"But he still loves you at least," I said. "He told you to take as long as you want. If he ever mentions it again, say you haven't had enough time yet. I'll bet he never says another word about it."

"Yes, sir," said Kennedy, obediently.

And with that he donned his glasses and walked off leaving Chops and me without them.

Kilwin Pickett is a two-decade dog life stands on-leash and he could pose like the "father" pictures for physical culture courses. The western larva of wags floored around him. We that we figured he'd need any a-donations. After the excitement of the Black Cat, we figured that Rose must find me and take pretty well. And on top of that, to be mistaken to an old man and living in a strange country where she didn't have a single relative or friend. Chips had made to me the night was. "There's going to be the deal to pay me, and you may try to see."

Edwin is tightly closed-mouthed usually and he never said how he went about it, but one night he brought me up in Daddy's Bar. "Are you happy now?"

"We were planning to go fishing. They were running real good in the last few days."

“Good, good. And I know just the place for it. On the second avenue from Cyprien, John’s house. He watched us carefully. ‘Here is ready to drop into my lap like a poplar and tonight I’m going to shake the tree. I want you now to see me go in tonight and I want you to see me leave in the morning.’

"Captain John is my friend. I don't want to have any part in making a fool of him."

"You aren't going to have any part  
in doing it, and at the same time  
own the All you're going to do is sit  
on the ground and help."

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Fig. 2. *Staphylococcus aureus* (strain 104) on agar.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem.

The House of Commons rejected the bill on 14 July 1999, and the bill was not reintroduced in the House of Commons.

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